

# FESTIVAL DINNER

OF THE

## ALBANY COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY,

IN CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE HALF CENTURY IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE, BY

DR. JAMES WADE, DR. BARENT P. STAATS AND DR. JAMES McNAUGHTON.

The Albany County Medical Society, Thursday evening, gave a Complimentary Dinner at the Delavan House, to Drs. JAS. WADE, BARENT P. STAATS and JAMES McNAUGHTON, on the occasion of their having completed fifty years of active life in the profession. Dr. WADE, who lives at Watervliet, was not able to be present.

Besides the other guests of the evening, there were present Dr. JAS. E. POMFRET, the President of the Society, and the following members:—Drs. Jas. H. Armsby, W. H. Bailey, H. S. Case, C. Devol, A. Fowler, Thomas Hun, Alden March, Peter McNaughton, Levi Moore, Joseph N. Northrup, C. A. Robertson, G. T. Stevens, A. Vanderveer, G. H. Armsby, Thos Beckett, W. H. Craig, A. A. Edmeston, S. H. Freeman, Joseph Lewi, Henry March, Martin L. Mead, G. H. Newcomb, J. V. P. Quackenbush, P. P. Staats, S. O. Vanderpoel, P. Van O'Linda, and also Drs. E. R. Hun, A. B. Heusted and P. M. Murphy, and also Rev. R. W. Clark, D. D., Alfred B. Street, Archibald McClure, Geo. Dawson, Charles E. Smith and Luther M. Marsh, of New York city.

An nine o'clock, the company sat down to a magnificently furnished board, and all justice was done to the elegant entertainment, which did honor to the accomplished proprietors of the Delavan House; and, at eleven o'clock, the President called the Society to order, and said:

*Gentlemen of the Society*—A few years ago the interest of society was awakened by the blossoming of one of those rare plants which are said to open their rich buds to the sun but once in a century. It was a rare event in the floral world, although it was natural and ordinary to the plant.

Our interest to-night is not excited by a flower; but we gather here to honor three of our fellow-members, who have filled a half century of active professional life. How glad we are to do them honor, the spontaneous gathering of these long rows of medical friends attests; and I doubt not that in the feast of Reason, which shall follow that of material good, full attestation will be given of the esteem in which we hold these gentlemen. As the first regular toast, I would give:

Our Guests: Whose honored names have graced our Medical Annals for half a century; may their days be filled with the abundance and beauty of a glorious autumn, and their lengthening years be crowned with honor.

Dr. B. P. STAATS was called upon, who responded as follows:

*Mr. President and Members of the Society*—I arise on this occasion with unusual diffidence, for I assure you I have not language adequate to describe my feelings on this happy occasion. After being a member of this Society forty-seven years, and presiding over its deliberations as President three successive years, I find myself this night the recipient of its highest honors. And let me here remark, that during all that time since my connection with you, that I have never had the least cause of complaint against any of its members. On the contrary, I have at all times been treated with the utmost courtesy by all. It is more than fifty years since I commenced the practice of medicine, and yet it seems but as yesterday, and yet what great changes have occurred. Fifty years since Albany city contained about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and about twenty five practicing physicians, among whom were some of God's noblemen, both as physicians and citizens. Few then in the profession were equal to them for worth or talents. They were a Willard, Stearns, Bay, Eights, Wendell, Yates, Beck, Wing, Williams, Low, James, &c. At that time our Materia Medica was limited to comparatively a small number of active medicines. We had no morphine, nor quinine, nor the various preparations of iron, iodine and the many alkaloids now in use; but they were well versed in the few in use, and like Paganini on his violin with his two strings, could make more and better music than many violin players can make on four. The practice in those days was active and successful. But they are no more. They have passed to that bourn where, I trust, they have received the happy plaudit, "Well done good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of your Lord." And standing here at this time as their chronicler, it reminds me of a passage in the Book of Job, where it says that Job's sons were eating and drinking, and a messenger came to Job and said that the Sabeans had taken his servants away, and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

Personally Providence has dealt very kindly with me, and I have endeavored to second her efforts. I have never tasted tobacco, and for the last forty years have not used alcoholic or vinous beverages, and during the fifty years of my practice, I have not been confined by sickness as many days. Neither have I suffered my nervous system to be disturbed by the good or ill opinions that others may form of



me, and when I retire to rest I forget and forgive.

Dr. JAMES McNAUGHTON returned thanks in appropriate terms for the honor done him by his professional brethren on the present occasion, and mentioned that, from some questions asked of him when he came to the meeting, he supposed some of the younger members believed he had been in Albany from the foundation of the city. He then told that he was born in Scotland among the Grampian Hills, where "his father fed his flock," as did young Norval. "I received my early education at the excellent parish school in Kenmore, where young men were fitted for College. In 1812, I was sent to the University of Edinburgh. I had a brother holding the position of Surgeon to a frigate in the Navy, stationed, at that time, and during the war with this country, at the 'Halifax Station.' It was my intention to enter the same service at the close of my medical studies. There was great demand for Surgeons for the Navy at that time, and I made all the haste I could to get qualified for actual life; but the great war of the French revolution took a sudden and unexpected turn after the disastrous return of the French army from Russia, and 1813 witnessed, in Edinburgh, the splendid illuminations consequent on the downfall of Napoleon the First and the occupation of Paris by the allied army. The people were delirious over the return of peace, after an exhausting war of twenty-five years. Then, at convivial meetings, the favorite toast was "Peace and Plenty." But the peace did not bring plenty, any more than the end of the great war of our own late rebellion, but, like the latter, it left heavy taxes to be paid, deranged business and threw many out of employment. It also blighted my prospects. I had then full leisure to pursue my studies. The return of Bonaparte from Elba, in 1815, and the reopening of war, changed the prospect for a time. Some feared another long and dreadful war. Some, like our own prophet, thought it would end in ninety days. Happily for Europe, the war *did* end in ninety days, by the decisive battle of *Waterloo*, which secured comparative peace for fifty years.

After leaving the University of Edinburgh, in 1817, I was at a loss what to do with myself. I was too young to settle in Scotland. I wished to see more of the world; but could get no public service that would enable me to do so. I could obtain strong letters of commendations to Sir Gregor McGregor, who was then a General in the Columbian service. I had some thoughts of joining him there, when I was pressed by a large body of emigrants from my native parish and county to go with them on their voyage to America, and the owners of the vessel offered me the position of Surgeon, with the privilege of returning in the vessel on her return in the Autumn. Having nothing to do at home, and having relations in America I had never seen, I accepted the offer. We left Greenock on the 28th of May, 1817, and after a stormy passage, and a narrow escape from shipwreck on the north

shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, three hundred miles below Quebec, we reached that city on the 16th day of July, all well.

I left the good ship *Harmony*, Capt. Abrams, after a short stay at Quebec, and hurried on, by way of Montreal and Lake Champlain, to visit my American relations, having no settled purpose of remaining in the country. There was in Albany no one that I had ever seen, and only one\* that I had ever heard of before. To him I had a letter of introduction and recommendation. He received me with great cordiality and hospitality. A father could not have been kinder. By his advice I decided, after visiting my relations in Montgomery Co., to settle in Albany. From that time to this I have been steadily and successfully engaged in the practice of my profession. I have seen Albany grow from a small city of about 11,000 inhabitants to a flourishing one of 70,000." He then mentioned, how he came into notice as an anatomist, how he was appointed, first a Lecturer, and next year Professor of Anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western District of New York; how that years he was invited to take the department of college flourished for many years, and increased from 50 pupils to over 200; how after a connection with that institution for nineteen years he was invited to take the department of Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Albany Medical College. He also spoke of the several offices with which he had been honored by the State and by his professional friends, viz: Surgeon General, President of the County Society, and of the State Medical Society. (Omitting, by accident we suppose, that of *City Alderman*.)

The next regular toast given was "The Albany Medical College."—From among its Professors comes a guest; and a large majority around our board are proud to own it as Alma Mater. Devoted to the highest science and art of medicine and surgery, may its years be innumerable.

Dr. MARCH responded, eloquently, to the toast complimentary to the Albany Medical College. He traced the incipient steps of its origin and history to the time when he was a student in Boston. He gave an interesting account of his student life. The preparation of his first anatomical specimens, the separated bones of the head and face, which are now in the museum of our Medical College; of the quizzing classes, of which he was a member, and of the facility then required for describing different parts of the human body; of the difficulty and danger attending the procuring of materials for dissection. While a student in Boston, he was collecting materials and preparing himself for teaching; he was forming the nucleus of a museum, and laying the foundation of the Albany Medical College. He came to Albany in 1820, and the following year delivered a course of lectures on anatomy, with dissection and demonstrations from the recent human subject. At that time it was not safe to at-

\*The late Archibald McIntyre, at that time, and for many years before, State Comptroller, and 15 years after he became father-in-law to Dr. McNaughton.



tempt procuring anatomical material in Albany, and he was obliged to make the overland and mountain journey to Boston, with a two horse buggy wagon, for the necessary supply. This was before the time of rail roads and telegraphs, when a journey to Boston was a greater undertaking than one from Albany to St. Louis at the present day.

These lectures were continued every year, until 1825, when he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Vermont Academy of Medicine at Castleton. These lectures were delivered in the autumn, and his private course in Albany was continued during the winter months, to increasing classes of students from New England and this State. In 1830, Dr. March delivered a public introductory lecture on the "Expediency of Establishing a Medical College and Hospital in Albany." It was published by the class, and the following was the concluding paragraph: "I cannot close without expressing the well grounded hope that the efforts now making by the friends of knowledge and benevolence will be rewarded with success, and that ere long this city will be able to boast of a well conducted Medical College and Hospital—institutions alike favorable to science and humanity. This lecture was delivered thirty seven years ago. The Doctor's well and long cherished hope has been amply realized. In 1831, Dr. Armsby came to this city and became a student of Dr. March, and was for several years his assistant, as dissector and demonstrator. In 1835, Dr. March resigned his Professorship in Vermont, which he had filled ten years, and was succeeded by Dr. Armsby, who commenced his career as Professor in the institution where he had just graduated. From 1835 to 1838, Drs. March and Armsby lectured, together, in Albany, to very respectable classes of medical students, Dr. March lecturing on surgery and Dr. Armsby on anatomy. Dr. March gave an account of his efforts, by circulating petitions to the Legislature, &c., to awaken an interest in behalf of the College; of the opposition he met with, both at home and abroad; and gave a very pleasant account of the open but manly warfare that continued during ten years, between his friend Dr. McNaughton and himself, always so conducted that the most pleasant relations existed between them when they met, and which has never impaired the most friendly sentiments of esteem and regard which have been mutually cherished for more than a third of a century. It was pleasing to see these veterans in science, nestors in the profession, the oldest medical teachers in this country, thus entertaining their pupils and friends around the festive board with the history of their life-long professional experiences. The first public meeting in behalf of the Medical College was held at the Mansion House, Broadway, where the Marble Hall now stands, on the 14th of April, 1838. Dr. March stated the object of the meeting, and a committee of citizens was appointed to aid Drs. March and Armsby in procuring the means and in secur-

ing an act of incorporation for the College. The first regular course of lectures in the College commenced January 3, 1839, to a class of fifty-seven students. Drs. March and Armsby are the only living members of the first Faculty who are now connected with the institution.

More than 3000 students have been educated at this institution, and more than 1000 have received the honors of graduation. More than two thirds of the medical practitioners of this city and county are graduates of the Albany Medical College. Several of its alumni are now professors and practitioners of eminence in the profession. Dr. March mentioned the fact that the first regular surgical clinique in this country, were held in this college, several years earlier than in other medical institutions. He spoke of the museum, commencing with the small collection of specimens which he brought from Boston in a "Windsor Soap Box," increasing from year to year, until it has become the most extensive and valuable on this side of the Atlantic. He spoke of the Albany City Hospital, which if not the largest, is one of the best arranged institutions of the kind in the country. He concluded by saying, our institution cannot expect continued success without devotion and faithfulness in the discharge of our respective duties. The wish that its years of usefulness may be innumerable, we trust and pray may be realized in succeeding generations; long after the dust of those who are gathered here around this festive board, shall have mingled with its parent earth, whilst the immortal soul shall live forever.

#### The third regular toast was:

The Medical Profession.—Earnest workers in every branch of enquiry which relates to human health, may the half century to come, equal the brilliant record of the half century just closed.

Dr. HUN being called on to respond to the above toast, made some remarks on the progress made in medical science during the professional lifetime of our guests. He passed in review some of the departments of medical study to show how great a revolution they had undergone within this period, and how the present method of investigating diseases, give precision and accuracy to our comprehension of them, and thus lead to more certainty and safety in practice.

He particularly called attention to the fact that all this improvement had been wrought within the profession and by its members. During the last fifty years, several medical sects had grown up, parasitic growths from it, and had enjoyed a certain degree of popular favor. They had been well received by a numerous class of rich and influential men, and even by a few men of education, who ought to know better. Now it is an indisputed fact that among all the great discoveries in medical science during the period, not one can be traced to any of the outside sects. Each sect remains in the shape and position in which it came from its founder, and has not in the



slightest degree contributed to this great march of discovery and improvement.

In conclusion, he remarked that the traditions of medical science and art as they come to us from the earliest ages, are to be found only in the body of the regular profession, and all hopes of its future progress must rest on this body; and that the outside sects must necessarily be short-lived and barren, because they have no roots in the past, nor organic connection with the present.

The next toast given was:

The Albany County Medical Society—Rich in associations of the past; cherishing the liberty of genuine medical inquiry, and holding the knowledge of one the property of all—may it ever continue a three-fold cord which cannot be broken.

To this, Dr. VANDERPOEL responded:—

*Mr. President*—The Medical Society of Albany county has cause for congratulation. Established among the first of similar societies in this State, it has ever since maintained an active and efficient organization. This can hardly be said of any other similar society. Though most of them at the present time have awakened to new vitality, there have been long years of languishing, when the society barely existed in name. I have been credibly informed, that in the City of New York even, the County Medical Society for a long time had at its regular meetings only a quorum to elect officers; and not until new life was infused by the untiring efforts of Dr. Bulkley, did it respond to the wants of the profession, either in a medical or social aspect. Not so with this Society. On looking over the transcript of its proceedings, I find the meetings have always been attended by the best representatives of the profession; that papers on medical subjects and medical discussions, have occupied a legitimate share in the proceedings; and while at times the minutes reveal the evidences of warm and active strife in the effort to obtain the honors of the Society, it served to show that these honors were rightly appreciated, and should call forth the best energies of the most talented members legitimately to obtain them.

The position of this Society is by no means stationary. Its course is *progressive*. Who that looks back for fifteen years, can fail to see an ever increasing interest in its welfare and progress?

When, some years since, I had the honor to preside over its deliberations, a course of monthly meetings was instituted for six months of the year, at which no topics were discussed but those of a strictly medical character and calculated to advance the common welfare of its members. These meetings have ever since been fully maintained, and I may safely say the character of the papers presented, and the discussions elicited, would do no discredit to more pretending organizations.

But, Mr. President, this Society has even greater sources of pride. She numbers on her roll of worthies the names of men who, as

physicians, are cherished in this whole community with the warmest love—men, who by their eminent attainments, their earnest sympathy and devotion in their profession, have wreathed around their memories a brighter laurel, hallowed by a richer incense, than can pertain to any other calling. Others, whose names and writings are national, standing as monuments of patient industry, close research and infallible precision. Of the former, I need but mention Drs. Charles D. Townsend, Elights, Wendell, Wing, Bay and Cogswell; and of the latter, the Brothers Beck.

We need not, however, go back to the past for our roll of honor. There is one among us, active, untiring and energetic, whose name has attained a broad professional reputation; who has presided over the deliberations of the highest medical organization in the country, and who, still in the zenith of his professional activity, can point with well-earned pride to the noble institution, which he was largely instrumental in founding—a monument of his skill and untiring labors. What better tribute can I pay to the character of that institution than to say, that most of those around this table are either its Alumni, or have attended its lectures. Such are but some of the causes of congratulation to our Medical Society.

There is a point of view, in which the principle of association is peculiarly applicable to the medical man. His professional life is one of *isolation*. While in the world, moving among men, he is still not of the world, so far as ordinary business transactions and relations are concerned. Unlike the legal profession, he is seldom thrown in direct personal relation with his professional compeers. He has, therefore, but little opportunity, except through his society, of estimating them correctly, either as men or physicians. How rapidly has prejudice oftentimes vanished; how much more have we learned to respect each other since our meetings have been more frequent!

I cannot pass, Mr. President, the last clause of your sentiment—the unbroken cord which *unity* presents. As in the family relation, the harmonious thoughts and actions of its different members constitute a bulwark of strength, so also is the principle of professional unity in its effect upon the community. It is ignorance which chiefly engenders suspicion and prompts to unkind aspersions. As we know each other better, mutual respect will increase, and our rivalry will be that healthy kind, which prompts to renewed efforts in the field of our science, and will tend to inspire additional confidence in the community at large, of the sincerity of our aims, and the nobleness of our calling.

The next toast given was:

The Medical Charity of our City, the City Hospital—Alive to every call of suffering humanity, may its usefulness be as wide spread as its staff is skilful and its purpose beneficent.

Dr. ARMSBY, in response to this sentiment, rose and said:



*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society—*

The public charities of our city are her jewels. Our City Hospital, our Orphan Asylums, our Home for the Friendless, our Industrial School; these are the jewels of Albany. All honor, through all time, to the noble Roman woman who founded the first hospital for the relief of sick and suffering humanity! Another lady erected a hospital on the road to Bethlehem, "that poor travellers," as she said, "might fare better than the mother of Christ, who could find no inn."

The great Emperor Charlemagne built hospitals on the Alps, and Louis the 2d of France, in the eighth century, and the great Napoleon in the eighteenth, visited and repaired these hospitals. The merchants of Amalfi, in the eleventh century, built hospitals in Palestine and along the Syrian coast. "In Palestine, by the wayside, were noble hospitals that day by day received the weary pilgrims of the West, and when it was asked who were the noble founders, every voice replied the merchants of Amalfi." The Knight Templars established hospitals in the twelfth century, in which are first recorded the appointment of regular physicians and surgeons to attend the sick. The Nestorian Priests of Persia were the first to employ hospitals as schools for medical instruction. But before the students could be admitted, they were obliged to read the Psalms of David and the New Testament.

But I cannot now trace the history of hospitals, from the East to Europe, and the western world. The hospital institutions of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Providence, are among the noblest in the world. Our City Hospital of only eighteen years growth, founded by the merchants of Albany, is the pride and glory of our city, the most honored monument of our ancient capital. Its five thousand patients cured or relieved *praises* its

All honor to the fifty generous hearted women, who have contributed to it! all honor to the noble hearted men, whose wealth has sustained it! The citizens of Albany have contributed for its support more than \$100,000 during the eighteen years of its usefulness. The demands of Christian Charity now require its enlargement. Great hearted men, and noble hearted women are providing the means; the prayers of the sick and suffering will reward them.

Our Orphan Asylum has been in operation nearly forty years. It has received from citizens of Albany \$200,000, and sent out many thousand educated and christianised members of society.

Our Home for the Friendless and the aged—the best, the purest and the holiest of christian charities—has, in the few years of its existence, received about \$50,000; and is soon to find a permanent home on donated soil.

The Industrial School, nursed by the gentle hand of the soldier's friend, with woman's care and woman's love, will soon, we trust, find its destined rest in the place long since erected for the purpose, when the brave defend-

ers of our country shall become the Nation's guests.

And let us say with Martial, who wrote not always wisely:

'Thieves may break in and steal away our gold;  
The cruel flames may lay our mansions low;  
Our dues a faithless debtor may withhold;  
Our lands may not return the seed we sow.  
But wealth bestowed is safe for what we give,  
And that, and that alone, is safe forever more.'

But there is an extensive class of suffering poor in this community not yet provided for. I mean those afflicted with incurable diseases, like consumption—embracing the mechanic, the clerk, the seamstress; and who has not seen the slight, pale form, wasting away by the fell destroyer? "There is a brilliant flush of youth about her, and her kindling eye pours such unearthly light, that hope itself might hang even on the archer's arrow, while it dropped deep poison. Many a restless night she paused for that slight breath which held her from the tomb. Still wasting like the snow-wreath, which the sun marks for its own, on some tall mountain brow, yet spares and tinges long with rosy light."

To supply this great want, a noble hearted citizen of Albany who had lived a life of industry, honesty and frugality for half a century, has done honor to an honored name by offering to donate \$75,000 for the establishment of a hospital for incurable cases of disease, on condition that the city of Albany will contribute its aid to the noble enterprise. May God grant a christian response to this christian offering!

I cannot go back one-half a century as a resident of Albany, but I can recall 36 years of friendly acquaintance with the *honored men* whose history we have met here to-night to celebrate. In 1831, when I came to this city a student of Dr. March, I first saw their faces, heard their names and learned their worth. I well remember when I first met Dr. Wade, his manly face, clear bright eye and robust form. He was then in the full tide of professional vigor and success. I have met him every year since, for more than a third of a century, in practice or in social life, and have learned to respect his name and character. His sons, too, I have known in the medical and legal professions. They have done honor to the name. And his brothers, in the halls of Congress, have made the name illustrious in our nation's history. Who has not heard of "old Ben Wade," of Ohio? Bold, stern, inflexible, patriotic, of whom it has been said, "The country might look further and fare worse for a President." Time and fortune have dealt gently with our venerable friend. May God bless and spare his life yet longer!

Of Dr. Staats, my true and faithful friend, I know not how to speak. His name and deeds are known to every man and child in Albany, for half a century back. Our public works, our noble charities, our model institutions, all speak his name, and praise him. Who does not know Dr. B. P. Staats? Frank, firm, unwearied, indefatigable, enterprising, liberal,



public spirited, enthusiastic, witty, lively, convivial, social—the most active man in our profession, and three score years and ten.

Of my colleague and friend, Professor McNaughton, I feel unworthy to speak as I ought. I will remember when I first saw him, thirty-six years ago. He seemed a giant, then, in our profession. He had been long eminent as a professor and practitioner. The fame of an Edinburgh education, under the Munros, the Bells and Cullen. The prestige of years of success, and well earned reputation, with a towering and inspiring person rarely equaled. I shall never forget the first impression made upon my mind. Long years of friendly professional intercourse have only heightened and cemented enduring respect and regard. May the lives of our three honored guests flow on in the stream of time, and if wound up for four score years, then may they freely run *ten winters more*, till, "like a clock worn out with eating time, the wheels of weary life, at length stand still."

The President then called upon the Poet Laureate. Mr. STREET said: That as to being entitled to the honor of being designated Poet Laureate, Governor SEWARD, twenty years ago, conferred the honor on him, and there had been no ambitious rivals who wanted the place for the sake of the emoluments. He then read the following Poem, which Dr. ARMSBY informed us was written since sundown:

A semi-century! what space

In the brief history of our race!

And yet how fraught with swift and mighty things!

The carol at our birth; our tolling knell!

With all the changeful objects of our life

That flit across our path on myriad wings!

The joys that thrill, the hopes that swell

The soul;—the pleasant glide, the rearing strife

Where man meets fellow man

In struggle for life's prizes!—In the span

Of fifty years, what changes mark the earth!

Mountains uprise in thunders; virgin isles

Dot the wide seas with newly-wakened smiles;

Even Empires rear their heads, and fall;

And generations pass, at death's relentless call.

But hail the famed Three

Whose life not only, but whose art extends

Over this semi century!

And who with firm, free footstep, reverend wends

Life's pathway still! All hail the favored Three!

They form one starry company

Whom Fame and Science love, and long

May life sing in their ear its happy song!

For they have scattered blessings on their way

To all within their sphere; how oft at bay

Have they kept death even with his torch of fear

To light the destined victim to the bier!

How oft has dire disease before them fled,

And pain, that fiend, crept off with baffled tread!

Hail with pride the famed Three

Who, to the secrets of our frame

Leveled their life-long scrutiny!

And to whose keen-eyed mind trained knowledge came!

Knowledge full-fed from fifty studious years;  
How to their glance that past of mist and change  
appears!

We hail with pride the famed Three,

Wreathed by this semi-century!

One, opening first his eye where rise

The stately Grampians in their heathery dyes,

Eternal Titans bearing up the skies!

And nurtured in the classic halls

Of the throned modern Athens, where

Blue Pentland sends his waterfalls

To mingle almost in the bustling air

Of the thronged city; where high Arthur's Seat

And storied Holyrood each other greet.

And one who drew first breath by thee,

Bright Hudson, vassal only to the sea!

Whose smiling landscapes, caught his childish eye,

Where still he dwells, as broad life's shadows lie;

Whose name is full of Holland! whose career

Is genial with its sunshine, kind and clear,—

The sunshine that illumines throughout the year.

And one whom rural hills of Berkshire claim;

Whose fathers felt imperilled freedom's flame

Flashing from Bunker's Height, and, feeling,

fought

For the grand gifts with which our land is fraught

We meet to render honor to the Three!

Long may they brighten life, and frequent see

Return of this glad day! for such glad days

Anticipate the future's hymns of grateful praise.

The next toast was:—

The Homes we Visit: Opened to us in hours of keenest anxiety and greatest emergency, they afford us a true gauge of human affection, and are the surest symbols of Heaven; may skill and care make our visits few and our memories precious.

Responded to by Dr. FREEMAN:

*Gentlemen of the Society*—As I was entering the dining room this evening, the President requested me to reply to this beautiful sentiment, and as he would accept of no excuse, I am happy briefly to respond.

The relations of the physicians to the patient and to the family are of peculiar and sacred interest, and his duties are most delicate and responsible. The skilful physician is often able to turn aside the shaft of death, to quench the burning fever, and replant the blooming rose upon the faded cheek. He is the first summoned amidst the anxious hopes and trembling fears of loving parents, to usher into existence an immortal being, and the last when the "silver cord is loosed," and human skill cannot avail to save life, to direct the weary soul to a home in heaven. And how often in the distressed homes we visit is the true hearted physician enabled by his tender sympathy and kind counsel,

"To cheer and soothe and bless."

Mr. President, allow me to close with a toast to the junior members of our Society:

May they emulate the attainments and virtues of our venerable and honored guests, and practically realize that

"Happiness is a road-side flower,  
Growing on the highways of usefulness."

The next regular toast was:—

The Clergy: May sound preaching and sound practice always go together.



The Rev. R. W. CLARK, D. D., chaplain of the company, having been called out by this toast, said that he felt honored in mingling in the festivities of the occasion with so many medical gentlemen, distinguished for their professional skill, their high moral worth, and their wide usefulness in our city. In the two venerable doctors before him, in honor of whose long and faithful services this sumptuous dinner was given, he recognized able and true representatives of two nationalities—the Scotch and the Dutch. And while sitting at the side of his friend, Dr. James McNaughton, who was born and educated in Scotland, he was thinking that had it not been his own good fortune to have been born in America, he would have been glad to have been a native of that country, so distinguished for industry, patriotism, enterprise, education and a pure religious faith. Certainly, he said, no country of its size could boast of more eminent names in all departments of literature and science than Scotland. Of her poets, he might speak of Burns, Thompson, Campbell, Pollok and Montgomery. Among her historians were Hume, Robertson, Mackintosh, Alison and the gifted Carlyle. In philosophy, she had an Adam Smith, a Reid, Stewart, Brown and Sir William Hamilton. Her scientific men were Ferguson, Watt, Sir David Brewster and Hugh Miller. She had also in romance, divinity and general literature, a Scott, Chalmers, Blair, Jeffrey and Smollett. Scotland was also equally eminent for its medical men, among whom were Abercrombie, the two Hunters—John and William—John Bell and Sir Charles Bell, and we might add the two McNaughtons (applause), who early came to America, and took up their residence in our city. For while speaking of the elder of these gentlemen, we must not forget the younger, whose valuable services among us entitle him to our esteem and respect.

In regard to Dr. Barent P. Staats, whose fifty years of medical practice was also here commemorated, the speaker found it difficult to believe that he had reached the venerable age that was claimed for him. Almost daily he saw this good physician passing his house, with an active step, a vivacity of manner, a vigor of intellect, that belonged to a man in middle life. On his head, too, no grey hairs are to be found; and, said Dr. Clark, I think that I ought to claim a medical certificate, testifying to the fact of his age. [Dr. Staats immediately said that his baptism might be found recorded in the records of the North Dutch Church, of which the speaker was pastor.] Dr. Clark replied that he would accept of that instead of the medical certificate. Reference was then made to the long and valued services of Dr. Staats in this city, and the wish was expressed that both of the gentlemen, in honor of whom this assembly was gathered, might have before them still many years of health, usefulness and happiness.

Dr. Clark then remarked that he could not allow this occasion to pass without paying a deserved tribute to the physicians of Albany.

No city of its size, within his knowledge, could boast of a larger number of courteous, learned and skillful physicians than this. The professors in the Albany Medical College, that has already attained a very high rank in our country, and the practicing physicians, are not only skillful and scientific in their profession, but their influence is most happy in promoting the enterprise, and the moral and religious interests of the city. We might mention the names of some before us, who occupy the foremost rank in works of philanthropy and benevolence.

But, Mr. President, I will conclude by expressing the wish that all the medical gentlemen before me may be spared to render fifty years of service in the honorable profession that they have chosen; and should their friends, in the future, celebrate, in a manner similar to this, their half century of medical duty, it would afford me pleasure to officiate as chaplain, and participate in the festivities as I have done to-night.

The eighth toast given was:

The Press:—The nerve-force of Society.

To this Mr. CHAS. E. SMITH, of the Express, responded in his usual sparkling and happy style. He declined, being one of the younger members of the editorial fraternity, to eulogize the press. It was a pity that the heavy editor of the Journal was not there to tell how to make Constitutions, or the still heavier man of the Argus, who was busy now telling how to reconstruct the Government, or the witty man of the Knickerbocker, who would dilate on the beauties of the *weed*, or the facetious man of the Post, who would talk of finance. But in the absence of these, he was proud to represent the profession he served. But it was a hard place to fill. He would rather take the most nauseous dose they could select from their *materia medica* than be exposed to the sharp scalpel of their criticism.

The last regular toast given was:

Woman: All that is best and purest in our nature, in her blooms into perfectness of grace and beauty. May her smile cheer us, her sympathy sustain us, her character inspire us, and her love lead us into willing captivity.

To this, Dr. QUACKENBUSH responded as follows: Most appropriately, Mr. President, have you reserved this beautiful sentiment for the last. Would that I could so highly compliment you in the selection of the person whom you have chosen to respond to it,—a privilege which all might covet, an honor which I appreciate. The sentiment, then, is Woman. Woman! And whose heart so cold and listless that its chords do not vibrate under the influence of those five magic letters, as the chords of the *Eolian* harp vibrates and breathes forth their melody when swept by the fingers of the evening breeze. Woman! A name murmured; beautifully, when the prattling infant cries with its little voice, Mamma! Woman! a word full of affection, when the parent says Daughter! Woman! a word enlivened with the tendrils of affection and love,



when uttered Wife! Woman! a name bathed in the fragrance of an almost holy veneration when it is whispered my Mother! And why should not this sentiment be reserved for the last? Was not the place of honor reserved for Woman in the world's early morning? First the heaven and the earth took their station in the creative array; the sun then ascended his high throne and the pale moon came forth and shone in the borrowed light of her elder brother, while the glistening stars, with their twinkling eyes, looked forth their homage to the Queen of Night. The mountains and the valleys; the rivers and the ocean; the cattle on a thousand hills; the blue-eyed violet and the hardy oak and branching elm, and even man himself, were there, and yet the work was incomplete. One element was absent; one link was wanting. Then Woman was given to the world; the last star was added to the diadem of creation; the galaxy was complete, and Eve—angelical woman—assumed her place among things created. The star of loveliness; the emblem of purity! Appropriately, most appropriately, Mr. President, have you allowed this sentiment the post of honor. Allow me, in behalf of her for whom I speak, to commend you for your consideration; allow me, in behalf of the gentlemen present, to thank you for your gallantry. There is much, sir, in the character of woman, that commends itself to our respect, our admiration and our love. The delicacy of her nature, the fine susceptibilities of her feelings and her humane and generous impulses, always commend, ever entitle her to our respect. Her fortitude and quiet endurance of life's trials and sorrows; that pliability of her nature which enables her gracefully to yield to the storms of adversity; and that elasticity which enables her again so nobly to rise when those storms have passed by, so briefly contrasting with the stern and oak-like nature of man which first bends and then breaks in life's wild tempests, are worthy subjects of our admiration; while her gentleness, her feebleness, her dependence upon man for her support, her comfort and her happiness in life, entitle her to the warmest feelings of our heart, and make her the recipient of our love. Such, gentlemen, is Woman, Woman! "who," as it has been beautifully expressed, "is the rarest and most exquisite work of the great Author, illustrated by the Graces and published in Paradise." Woman! who from the cradle to the grave, is and ever will be an object of peculiar care and attention to the physician. And now, Mr. President,

Oh! why, tell me why, at the world's early morn,  
When the earth was so green and the skies  
were so bright?

Was the young heart of Adam so sad and forlorn,  
And his pathway so shaded by the clouds of the  
night?

Was it not, my dear Sir, that he sighed all alone?

And sadly bemoaned his poor desolate state?

Was it not that he wished to divide his fair  
throne?

Was it not that the Eagle deeply longed for his  
mate?

Then the mantle of sleep on our first parent fell,  
And a rib from his side the Great Master did  
cleave,

And lo! when poor Adam awoke from the spell,  
And gazed at the vision: Behold it was Eve!

The following volunteer toast was then sent  
up:

The two professions, law and physic. The former  
take their unsuccessful cases up, the latter send  
them down.

LUTHER M. MARSH, of New York, was called out by this, who entertained the Society with a most brilliant off-hand speech. Albeit he professed great diffidence as speaking before such an array of medical men. He said, widely different as the two professions were, we should not have to go far back according to the Darwinian system before reaching a link that binds the two together, only a hyphen separating them—Medical-Jurisprudence. No one can tell which is the more important part of it, the legal or the medical. And it was T. Romeyn Beck who was the father of this science in this country, who published the first work in our language that deserved a place in our libraries. This at first a small book has now grown to huge dimensions. And without it no doctor's or lawyer's library were complete. He alluded gracefully to the guests of the evening, and compared the length of their term of service with the whole Christian era.

Dr. HUN offered the following:

Dr. Platt Williams, the oldest living member of our Society—the kind regard of his old friends follow him in his retirement.

The young Dr. McNaughton being called on, Dr. Peter McNaughton gave the following sentiment:

The *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*: He is the best Physician and Surgeon who most carefully studies and follows her lead.

To the New York State Medical Society:

Dr. BAILEY responded briefly, urging the members to use their influence with the members of the Legislature, to show them the importance of our annual transactions, and secure the publication of a larger edition.

The following communications were received from members not able to be present:

Gentlemen—I regret that circumstances will prevent my attendance at your gathering this evening.

The present is not a fitting occasion for the indulgence of sentiment alone, but is a suitable and well merited attestation of that honor and esteem for faithful and unremitting service in, as well as for devotion and zeal to the interests of the medical profession. I will, therefore, offer the following:

Prof. James McNaughton, Drs. B. P. Staats and James Wade: May the same peace and prosperity and usefulness attend the remainder of their days, that have preceded them, and at last may they have the satisfaction of feeling that their work has been well done; and not



only receive the approbation of man, but the approval of a Father who shall welcome them to Mansions in the Skies.

Very respectfully and sincerely yours,

U. G. BIGELOW.

To Drs. POMFRET, EDMESTON and BECKETT.

ALBANY, June 20, 1867.

ALBANY, June 20th, 1867.

My Dear Doctor Pomfret—Motives of a private nature, I regret to say, will prevent my being present at your festivities this evening. But I cannot let this opportunity pass without an expression of grateful remembrance of one

of your honored guests, from whom I received my first lesson in my professional education. I give you, sir, the name of James McNaughton; my honored preceptor; the enlightened and accomplished physician; the worthy Professor; the Christian gentleman. He has fought the good fight against contagion and disease. May his declining years be cheered and made happy by the blessings of many who were ready to perish, falling upon him.

J. P. BOYD.

The Society then adjourned at half past one o'clock.

MARTIN L. MEAD, Secretary.



